He Sold Is to Three Different Purchasers. Bealising \$2.50 After Paying His Side Partner, Spill Henty, for Helping Steal It-Henly Arrested-Chuck Sittl at Large

Chuck Connors has blessomed out as a finaneler. A successful financier in Chinatown is a man who has ability enough to steal a hot Chuck not only stole a hot stove the other day, but, after stealing it, he financed with it in a highly skillrul manner, resulting in gains to himself and his partner, "Spill' The latter, however, he left to be arrested for the somewhat irregular transaction.

To whom the stove belonged is a matter of discussion. Chuck says it belonged to him. Speca" says it belonged to her. Very likely it belonged to them both, for they shared most of their belongings in common, including rooms on Pell street. "Specs," it should be explained, to one of Chinatown's fair inhabitants, and Chuck's "latest." Her cognomen arises from the fact that she wears eyeglasses. She is not so young as she once was, and in Chuck's own words is "the ripest cherry in the lane." Moreover she is not only large, but also able and willing, as Chuck found out to his cost in the

matter of the stove, What caused Chuck and Specs to fall out is not a matter for public discussion, but fail out they did. As a consequence Specs told Chuck that there was more room for him outside than inside the flat.

"Give yourself a chase," is the way she ex-G'wan," said Chuck. "I'll give you a chase. Whose place y' t'ink dis is?"

Slide," said the fair one, reaching carelessly for a chair. Nit," returned Chuck briefly, stretching out

his arm toward the poker. "Y'don't gimme de fresty profile dat style." "Wid 'r widout d' ambylance call? Y' got haffa minute t' make up yer mind," she re-

'G'wan," said Chuck. "I'll break every pane o' glass in yer face. G'wan!"

He made a feint with the poker. A succession of thuds followed, caused by Chuck hitting the floor, the walls, and the ceiling. The last

thud was when he hit the street. As set forth above Specs is able and willing. Sorrowfully arising from the pavement, Chuck felt of himself in an experimental manner. 'Not a fracture," he observed in a relieved tone. "But dis is tough. Far from home an' mommer, cast upon a col', col' would. She did

me fer fair, an' me widout de price of a square," For several minutes he was lost in contempla for several minutes he was loat in contempla-tion. Then he lifted up his voice and called upon the name of the partner of his Joya. Spece's head appeared for a moment at the win-dow and was hastily withorawn. This was ex-perimental, in case Chuck had a brick. As no brick arrived the head appeared again.

"Whajier want?" Inquired its owner.

"Spece, I'm broke."

"Humph!"
"Say Spece are wouldn't let a roos feller to

"Humph!"
"Say, Specs, yer wouldn't let a poor feller go hungry, would yer?"
"Wouldn't!!"
"Aw, Specs! If yer knowed how I have loved yer! If yer only knowed how them be-ewtiful feechures...."

feechures —"
"Rats!" said Specs.

Obviously this line of procedure was vain.
To change one's tactics is the work of good generalship. Mentally bemoaning the fact that he hadn't a missile handy ("Oh, I wouldn't do a ting to them be-ewtiful fee-chures," he remarked, sotto voce), the outcast tried another tack. tack.
"I want me t'ings."
"What t'ings?"

What tings?"
De t'ings what I own."
What t'ings do yer own?"
Haffa all de stuff in de joint," said Chuck,

"What t'ings do yer own?"
"Haffe all de stuff in de joint," said Chuck, after a moment's hesitation.
"Yer a liar," retorted Specs. "Y' don't own de breakfast dat's in yer, fer I paid fer it."
"I own de stove," said Chuck weakly.
"Come an' get it," returned Specs, but it seemed to him that there was less of invitation than of challenge in her tone.

He decided that he would wait until some more favorable opportunity, Meantime he went out and found his side partner, Spill Henty.
"Got de price, Spill?" he asked listlessly.
"Yep," said Spill briefly, and an expression of beatitude spread over thuck's face.
"Fer one," saided Spill.
Thus was another sweet hope slain. As Chuck thod debating whether it would pay to "do up" Spill by way of revenge and extract the "price of one" as the spoils, Specs hove in sight pointed toward Chatham square. Instantly chuck jumped back into a docrway.
"Wot t'ell d' matter?" asked Spill, much puzled. "I diln't see no cop."
"Cop, nothin', replied Chuck, emerging as Specs disappeared around the corner, "Speca is goin' up town. Come roun' to de joint an' help me git me stove. I'm goin t' seil it, an I'll give yer a stake fer helpin' me."
"Specs quit yer?" asked Spill.
"Nah: I only ther. She's gittin' too heavy fer

Specs quit yer?" asked Spill. Nah; I quit her. She's gittin' too heavy fer iddie weight. C'mon."

a middle weight. C'mon.'
Shortly after, expressions of profanity and grief issued from the room in Pell street. Being a suspicious person, Spece had lighted a fire in the stove before going up town. Chuck and Spill were having trouble. Evidently the got the fire out, poured water over the stove, filling the room with steam, and then lifted it into the

nail it."

But Splil failed to do his part, and when Chuck "ski oucked" the stove landed on the sidewalk with a terrific clang, breaking two legs and summoning every girl in that part of Chinatown to her window. Chinatown to her window.

"I'll tell Spees all right, Chuck, and she'll
make a bum of you," called out Mamie Brody
from across the way.

"I'll learn you to tell
tales on me to Ching Hok, you mixed-ale

george."

"Chase up town an' tell'er, "sneered Chuck, for the two are not good friends since an enseed last summer, in which Chuck went out of his way to interfere good-naturedly in other people's business, with the usual results. "Don't be pointin' dat pickled face at me'r I'll put de Healt' Board onter yer."

"Spose'n Specs would come back," said Spill nervously.

"Spose'n Specs would come back," said Spill nervously.

"She'll not be back," replied Chuck, "an' dis'll be gone wen she is. Dere's a Mottser keeps a junk shop on Bayard street'll buy it. I'll go fetch him, You watch an' see dat Mamie Brody don't pinch it."

"You're a liar, Chuck Connors," came from the Brody apartment, and Chuck, on his way toward Bayard street, just escaped a chunk of coal by a quick dodge.

Presently he returned, accompanied by a small Hebrew, fertile in gestures and beard. The following dialogue ensued:

"Dere's de stove. Ain't she a beaut?" from Chuck. "Dere's de stove. And so the Chuck.
"You shall sell it for olt fron, hey?" from the junkman. "How much it veigh?" Weigh? Wot d' hell ice does dat cut? Dat's a stove; dat am't no ol' iron, lt's wort' a fiver any day. Gimme a plunk fer it."
"Vat? A doliar! A dollar for der shtofe? Oh, you fool mit me, mein frent. I gif you a cu-varier."

"Shove yer quarter down yer t'roat! C'mup wit's plunk."

"Oh, my dear frents, I couldn't did it! I couldn't did it. T'irty-five cents," wailed the sealer.

"I'll pull yer witskers out, y'old gonuf, 'f yer gimme any t'irty-five cent guff. Gimme 75 cents and I'll let yer go."

After much pisibilive gesticulation and protest the junkman counted out three quarters, one of which Chuck gave to Spill, and went away to get a push calt in which to carry off the stove, leaving the two sellers on guard. Presently along came a Chinaman whom Chuck knew.

"Hey, John!" he halled the Celestial.
"Wantee buy one pieces stove, warm laundry?

Hey?"
The Chinaman grinned.
"How much?" he asked.
"Ten cases," replied Chuck.
"Takec two?" asked the other.
"Fer a nickel I'd break yer dam pig-tail head." said Chuck, much insuited by the offer.
"Les see yer two."
The money having been pronounced satisfactory the deal was completed, and the new purchaser went after a wheelbarrow to carry away his purchase.

chaser went after a washing and the purchase.

"Gerta axe. Chuck." surgested Spill, who had been lost in wonder and admiration at his nat's cleverness. "Gut de bloomin' stove inter little chunks an't tink yer'd sell 'em fer gol' bricks."

"It'd ought be good fer one more sale." re-

"It'd ought be good fer one more sale," replied Chuck.
The third purchaser appeared in the person of a Baxter street dealer who offered only fifty cents; and as time was getting short. Chuck accepted this offer, turning over the money to Spilly with the remark:

"Dat's a square divy. One sale fer you an' one fer me, an' one we spill. See?"

Then they went to the corner and had several drinks, after which Chuck wandered out of Chinatown, for he didn't want to be around when the convention of stove purchasers met. Moreover Specs was likely to return at any moment. But Spill was not so wise. Inspired by many drinks, he devised the plan of selling the stove once more. So he went around to the place where it had been left and sought to suction it off.

suction it off.

"Here y'-hic-are, la's'n gen's; here y'-hic-are. Fines' sellin' shtove-hic-in N' York, shold more timesh-hic-in any ozzher shtove livin'. Hic-how mushmi offered?" livin'. Hio-how mushmi offered?"
Hardly had he got fairly started when the three purchasers bore down upon the stove from various directions, and began a squabble over it. In the midst of the squabble Spect arrived, and Mamie Brody told her about Chuck and Epill trying to steal the stove.

"An'oh," said Spill afterward in recounting the following events, "she didn't do a t'ing,

only me. W'n I come to meself I was dopey. She's a sparrer cop an' a cable car in a bunch w'en it comes to trouble. Specs is."

On viewing specs's athletic and capable management of Spill, and on hearing her statement that the stove was hers, the two junk dealers departed, wringing their hands and waiting that they would have their money back if there was any law in the land. The Chinaman remained and carned a quarter by putting the stove back into the room for Specs. Then he had Spill arrested for obtaining money under false pretenses. Spill was fined in police court, and is now solourning at that bourne from whence no traveller e'er returns—until his time's up.

Chuck is living high. He is \$2.50 ahead of the game, and the only thing that is worrying him is the knowledge of what will happen if he ever gets into the clutches of Specs. He has had an inkling of it from Mainie Brody, who met him yesterday.

"She's layin' for you," said Mamie, "and when she gets you she'll sew buttons on you till you look like Jim Lavelle's new uisterine. You'd better meve to Harlem."

But though a trifle worried, Chuck is still sticking to Chinatown. Most of his gains are gone, but he still has a dollar in reserve. He says he is going to start a bank with it.

CLAIMS MISS SNEED'S ESTATE. A Cohorn Sadle Hilton Says She Is the

Newburgh Woman's Helr. Conoes, N. Y., Nov. 15.-Recently THE SUS, in a despatch from Newburgh, told of the search being made for Miss Sadle Hitton, to whom an estate valued at about \$25,000 was left by Miss Saran Sneed, who died on Aug. 10 in that town. There is a Sadie Hilton in Cohoes who believes that she is the rightful heir to the Sneed estate and who will shortly take steps to establish her claim to the property. Miss Sadie Hilton is a domestic in the employ of the family of Rodney Wilcox on Remeen street. She is only 25, but the woman for whom the Newburgh lawyers are hunting is about 45. When THE SUN reporter saw Miss Hilton to-day she said

lawyers are hunting is about 45. When The SUN reporter saw Miss Hilton to-day she said that she was thoroughly satisfied that she was the legitimate helr to Miss Sneed's estate.

5 "I used to have relatives by the name of Sneed living in Newburgh, but haven't heard from them for a number of years," said she. "They were cousins of my father, and I always supposed that Miss Sneed, who was one of them, was married. My mother died here in Cohoes about fitten years ago. After her death I was taken to Conkingville, where I lived with an aunt for some time. Later, I got a place in an Albany shirt factory, which I held up to about five years ago. When I left Albany I came to Cohoes, and obtained employment in the family of William H. Stewart. I lived with them until last January, when I entered the employ of Mrs. Wilcox. I understand that Saile Hilton went West, or is supposed to have gone there. Some years ago I visited an uncle. John Hilton, in South Dakota. Possibly those who knew I was going thought I would not return. I have a brother who is studying at the Princeton Seminary, and I have written to him in relation to Miss Sneed's will. I have also informed my father, who is at Lake Luzerne, of the matter. I am the one years and that said in family in this State named Saile, and I am positive that I am the one sought. I shall, through my friends, at once communicate with the executors of the Sneed estate and take steps to prove my claim to the property." estate and take steps to prove my claim to the

SCHIEREN'S CHURCH DEDICATED. The Ex-Mayor's Generous Offer to Help the Building Fund.

The new church of the St. Matthew's Evangelical Lutheran congregation, at Sixth avenue and Second street, Brooklyn, was dedicated yesterday. The sermon in the morning was preached by the Rev. John A. Singmaster of Allentown, Pa. The Rev. Dr. W. E. Mains, the pastor, presided at the formal dedicatory services in the afternoon, and addresses were made by the Rev. Dr. Samuel A. Barnetz of Des Moine, In., and other ministers, and by ex-Mayor Charles A. Schleren, one of the pillars of the church. In the evening the windows and other memorials presented to the church were

other memorials presented to the church were dedicated.

The St. Matthew's congregation was organized in 1851 and its first church was in Washington street, near Concord. It moved several times before selecting the Sixth avenue site as a permanent home. The new church is 80190 feet, and has a seating capacity of 650. The decorations are in cream and terra cotta, except the chancel, which is of lighter shade, with glit touchings. The pulpit, reading deek and altar are of Sienna matche. There is a large kitchen and grill room in the cellar.

Over \$7,000 was collected for the building fund at the moraling and afternoon session, and ex-Mayer Schleren, who is a member of the building committee, promised to add fifty cents to each dollar collected.

THOMAS WELSH'S WILL.

A Contest Over It by the Widow and a A contest has been started in Brooklyn over the will of the late Thomas Welsh, a rich contractor of that city, who died in Sullivan county in September, 1895. The contestant is Margaret Murphy, the wife of William J. Murphy and who claims to be the daughter of the deceased by his first wife. Mrs. Murphy was brought up as Mr. Welsh's daughter, and continued to live with him for several years after her mother's death, which occurred in 1879. It is also said that Mr. Welsh acknowl-

Murphy alleges that her stepunother refused to allow her to see her father, explaining. "He is not your father. You are only his adopted daughter."

Mrs. Murphy's name does not appear in Mr. Welsh's will. Mrs. Murphy now alleges that Mr. Welsh was incapsble of making the will which is admitted to probate, and her contest is to have it set aside.

An insurance company, which also paid a \$10,000 policy on Mr. Welsh's life, is also suing to recover the money on the ground that the policy was obtained by fraudulent representations as to Mr. Welsh's physical condition.

ETHICS OF CORPORATIONS. THE REV. R. HEBER NEWTON PREACHES UPON ECONOMICS.

He Says the Corporation Is an Indianessa bie Development of Modern Business Methods, but That Its Misuse Estatls Consequences That Must Be Remedied.

The Rev. R. Heber Newton, rector of All Souls' Church, Madison avenue and Sixty-sixth street, preached to a large congregation yesterday morning on "The Moral Aspects of Corporations." He said;

"The use and the abuse of corporations seem to be one of the urgent questions of the day. It is largely an ethical question. The corporation is the chief agent in our modern business world. It is absorbing rapidly every function and service of economic bodies into itself. The uses of this marvellous institution I need scarcely point out to you. Without the corporation it is scarcely conceivable that business in our modern world could be carried on. We have entered the era of business on a large scale. This demands the concentration of forces, the massing of capital, the employment of the highest order of ability, the development of agencies commensurate with the magnitude of the interests involved. The world has as yet discovered no method by which the benefits of trade and industry can be so widely distributed as through the corporation. Wherever we find the most intelligence and the best administration of affairs, there we find the most corporate life, the highest corporate activity. Its multitudinous functions are admirably discharged.

"The corporation has come as a natural evo-lution to fulfil a natural function. Its justification is found in its fulfilment of that function. From such a natural development so powerful, so adaptable, so serviceable in its nature, what magnificent uses should be expected in the future! From its more thorough organization of industry we should expect that most important service to be rendered now—the regulation of production itself, the prevention of giuts, and the stoppage of the hard times which follow from overproduction. From this should follow the steadying of employment for the wage worker, the disappearance of that most dreadful feature of our present industrial disorder, the rapid alternations of high-pressure work and enforced idleness, in which the savings of the busy months are used up in months of idleness. "There are abuses as well as uses of the corporation. There are evils inherent in the corporation itself as an entity, as well as virtues Man, the natural person whom the Divine Creator made, has himself become a semi-creator and brought into being an artificial person a monster man, made not after the image of God nor yet after the image of man himself. The corporation is a personality, but a fictitious one. Incorporation is the creation by law of an artificial person out of one or more natural persons. This actificial personality is immortal. One by one the incorporators may be laid below the ground, the corporation remaining above

ground, intact, vital, imperishable.

"Ordinarily, nothing being specified to the

contrary in the terms of the incorporation, this artificial personality has no term of life set to it, knows no natural law of decay, passes out from its creator's hands endowed with an immortality exceeding that of the State itself. This artificial person, invisible, immorta., is endowed by its creator, the State, with powers endowed by its creator, the State, with powers of personality—its rights and privileges. The corporation can do nearly everything that the natural person can do. It can do hosts of things that the natural person cannot do.

"A corporation wishing to run a line direct from New York to San Francisco can survey its route, obtain right of way, conflecate every needed property under the law of eminent dompin, and run its own wagons from the Atlantic to the Facific. There are corporations now in existence which are distinctly empowered in the terms of their chafter to do well-ingh every conceivable work open to the lagenuity of man with a view to profit. Indeer the cognizance of law, these monster artificial personalities have nevers well nigh ominipotent. They can build up an industry or crush it. They can develop a new traile or wipe it out of existence. They can tax the people as the State would not astempt to tax its citizens. They can lay their hands on every function of life, on every interest of property, on every service of mankind, and who can resist them?

"This artificial personality has been privileged by its creator—the State—which attend the private person. This private person may be fined. It cannot be imprisoned. You cannot hams a corporation. It whiles at your gallows and alips from out the hampman's lands. The severer punishments which you individually expose yourself to in wiongdoing of a graver sort, you escape altogether in your fictions personality is materialized in its makeup. It is based not upon manhood, but upon money. It represents not individual men, but thorivand dolars. The dollar is supreme. Its one interest is in interest.

"This artificial personality is in a certain density for the property of the property is not interest is in interest. of personality-its rights and privileges. The

the stove before going up town. Chuck and Spill were having trouble. Evidently they got the fire out, poured water over the stove, filling the free out, poured water over the stove, filling the room with steam, and then lifted it into the window.

"Get outside," said Chuck to his assistant, "I'll skibouck d'ol' bunch o' junk out an' you mail it."

"I'll skibouck d'ol' bunch o' junk out an' you mail it."

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"I'll skibouck d'ol' bunch o' junk out an' you mail it."

"I'll skibouck d'ol' bunch o' junk out an' you mail it."

"I'll skibouck

tions are not humane. The members of the corporation come into no direct contact with the employees. They cease to be living men, individualities with humane interests—they become hands."

"A corporation has no heart, it is said. How should it have one? There is no place in the corporate body for such a needless organ. So the old time relation of master and man, if employer and complexes. ployer and employee, a living, human relation, becomes the abstraction which we call the relation of capital and labor. Thus it comes to pass that the relation of the corporation to its employees becomes often inhuman—that is, lacking in humanity. It was stated on the floor of the United States senate, that in the counling of cars on our railways there is more loss of life annually than would



The best of cycling days are now with us, granting always that warmish clothes are provided.

We provide them And everything the bicycle man or boy wears : the cap, the bicycle scarf, the stockings, the shoes, the sweater; and something far warmer than a sweater, far handsomerbicycle reefers-short heavy coats of Black or Oxford frieze.

All fancy cloths are of patterns strictly confined to us; every striking combination was bought in limited quantity-enough only for a few suits.

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corporation itself, and this monster man will humanize itself. A portion of the stock of every corporation can be placed within the reach of its employees, and thus the principle of profit sharing can be embodied in the corporation. If this demoralization grows out of the fundamental immorality of the corporation as an artificial personnity outside of the limits and restraints, the re-possibilities and obligations, and remailes of the natural man, then the corporation itself must experience a change of heart."

MOODY AND SANKEY MEETINGS. Thousands West to Hear the Celebrated Evangelists Yesterday.

Nine thousand persons attended Moody and ankey meetings yesterday afternoon. Five thousand persons listened to Mr. Moody in Cornegie Hall. Fifteen hundred listened to Mr. Sankey in the Central Preshterian Church in Fifty-seventh street, between Seventh avenue and Broadway, and 2,500 more heard him sing in Calvary Baptist Church. such scenes of scrambling to get places have rarely been seen at religious meetings. The doors of Carnegie Hall were opened at 2 o'clock. From poon groups of men and women stood about the sidewalks waiting, and within fifteen minutes after the doors were opened nearly every seat in the big hall had its occupant. Long ocfore 3 o'clock, when the meeting began, the hall had as large a crowd as could possibly be squeezed within its four walls. The seats were full, the aisles were full, and there was hardly breathing room. The lobby outside the auditorium was filled, too, with an eager. clamoring, pushing crowd of men and women, some of whom fairly fought to get to the doors. When this condition of affairs was told to the evangelists it was decided to have overflow meetings, and the Central Presbyterian Church and the Cavairy Baptist Church were thrown open and 4,000 of the people, induced by the promise that they would hear Mr. Sanker, left Carnegle Hail for these churches, and the nucles were cleared and there was some comfort for those that remained. But the crowd in

for those that remained. But the crowd in the lobby did not diminish much while the meeting was a progress.

The meeting in the hall was conducted on the usual Moody and Sadkey lines, and the two evancelists scenned to have loss little of their power to sway an audience. Mr. Sankey sang one song and then left to take care of the overflow meetings. Mr. Moosly occupied meet of the time with one of his long, rambling discourses in which he made his hearers cry and laugh alternately. After Mr. Sankey left a very energetic young man led the singing. The hymns were of the kind made foundar the world over by the evangelists. Mr. Moody took up a collection to buy books for convisis. took up a collection to buy books for c and then begin to speak from the text,

and then begin to speak from the text, "Come unto me all ye who labor and are heavy ladon and I will alve you rest."

"Poole have false ideas of the promises of the Bible," said he. "Some of them think they are too good to be true. Some think they are impossible to perform."

Mr. Moody paced up and down the platform, talking in a sharp, rather unpleasant voice that hexed all charm, and yet seemed to draw the chosest attention to himself.

"There are two kinds of promises." he continued, "conditional and unconditional. It I don't walk unrightly the promises won't apply to me. But if I do, you can blot out the sun_good updeave the ocean easier than you aun_and uplease the ocean easier than so can turn His purpose artic. I have often be asked what is the most precious promise, can't tell, but it's mility good exercise to g through the tospels and find the promises. can't tell, but it's mighty good exercise to go through the Gospels and find the promises. I took a pen edge and went through the Gospels to find the best and marked every promise, and I had a mighty big undertasting. It's like a man with a big family. He doesn't know what this promise. Everybody wants rest. That's what the theatres are for, and the concert halls, and the missic halls. If I wanted rest I wouldn't go to the millionaires. I know some, and they rever are at rest. I wouldn't go smong your ideasure seekers, your bonton and Four functed; not by a great deat. I wouldn't go among your great men as you call 'em. I wouldn't go to Washinton. That's the last place to ge. Everybody in Tongress wants to get into the Senate, and everybody in the Senate wants to get into the Cabinet, and everybody in the Cabinet wans to get into the White House. I wouldn't go to your President-elect. He won't have rest for twelve mouther, nulled and handed by the politicians. I'd go among God's disciples. Don't you think that's true?

What he had said had already began to have its effect upon the sudience. A trained look was beginning to come into the faces of the women, and the evaguist; reverted to a somewhat different them.

"He says come," he went on. "I'm tired of

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN. The differences between Mme. Nordics and

Jean de Reszke are regretted more by operagoers than any one else concerned, as it was Mms. Nordica's belief that she has been the

victim of an unfair and quite invincible in-

trigue which led the American singer to keep

out of the opera company except on her own

terms. She claims the right to sing Brunn-

hilds with as much enthusiasm as Mme.

Melba cilings to the part, and there are certain circumstances which make Mme. Nordica's resentment appear very natural. It is not probable that Mme. Melba has any idea of carnestly taking up the heavier Wagnerian roles. She will probably drop the whole business after singing Brunnhilds here, and cling to Elso, an occasional performance of Elisabeth, and possibly the rôle of Era in "Die Meistersinger," which she is said to have learned already. Nothing in her career has ever indicated that she possessed the dramatic temperament necessary to the successful interpretation of the Wagner heroines in the heavier operas. There is no reason to believe that she would ever be able to become an exceptional singer in these parts. But she is altional singer in these parts. But she is already unexcelled in a certain line, and it is not very likely that even in the present fondness for the Wagner operas that has taken hold of most of the prims donnes she will fling to parts in which she is net unusual when there are others in which she in protainent. Rossini's "Barber of Seville" is to be sung this winter at the opera, and Mme. Melba will appear in that opera probably with much greater success than she does it "Siegfried." This opera is an experiment which it is not to be supposed she is taking very seriously. Under these circumstances, Mme. Nordcia is quite excussible for her display of veration. She is very much distressed at not singing with the Metropolitan company. While the singers are here receiving their customary, enthusiastic welcome, she is singing in concert over the country, with considerable profit to be sure, yet with nearly as much inconvenience. She was far more desply concerned in the Wagner operas than Mme. Melba has ever been, as far as the public saw. But the new role in this direction was taken out of her hands and intrusted to another singer who had already, in London, enjoyed the triumphs of showing a letter which Jean de Reske had written her, the implication being that he had once it because he regarded Mme. Melba as better qualified for Brunninide. Mme. Nordica's friends will sympathize with her, because she was deeply interested in the advancement of the Vagner movement at the Metropolitan, and felt a perfectly natural chagrin at se-ing the leading part in that advance taken out of her hands and handed over to a singer who will probabl) never be head in the role of Brunnande half a dozen times ready unexcelled in a certain line, and it is shows, there would be a larger proportion of the ranging a letter which Jeado of Resexts had written her, the implication being that he had one it because he regarded Mine. Metha as better qualified for Brunnindick. Mine. Nordica's friends will symmatized in the advance taken out of the regarded Mine. Nordica's friends will symmatized in the advance taken out of the I hands and handed over the warper movement at the Microsolitan, and feit a perfectly natural chaggin at seeing the leading part in that advance taken out of her hands and handed over to a singer who will probably never be heard in the role of Brunnindic naif a dozent time. Lames a going showly. She is making brown by a time as a going showly. She is making brown by Brunnindic in The Walkher bedder and then sing bedde ster all of the other roles have prepared her for what she considers the most difficult of the Warner heroless. "All though I may have been accepted in certain roles as canable of their expression," Mine Lames said to a Sux reporter, "It does not lord may have been accepted in certain roles as canable of their expression," Mine Lames said to a Sux reporter, "It does not lord the expression of such a character marks the climax of a singer's work. I do not care to sting leader until I feel that I possess the intensity of emotion and the note of passion which are necessary to the real incertain of the swarps that the still wait until experience in the other roles has fugure the though I may have been accepted in the expression of such a character marks the climax of a singer's work. I do not care to sting leader until I feel that I possess the intensity of emotion and the note of passion which are necessary to the real incertain of the swarps the same and the same prominence scraling set the properties of the set of an artist's achievement. To succeed in the most difficult of the set of an artist's achievement of the sex of the se

the monument to a certain well-known architect's enthusiasm in favor of restricting the height of buildings. He was appointed to act on a committee organized by one of the most influential architects' societies in the country. This committee's labors were to be preparatory to discovering what steps could be taken to secure some action on the part of the city buildings. At the outset of the work this particular architect labored enthusiastically in behalf of the committee, and it was a sure prise to his fellow members when they received a note from bim asking that the committee's final meeting be postponed until after a certain date. There was no explanation for this request, but the meeting was post pored. When it was held the reason of the architect's desire for a postponement became apparent. He had been waiting for the decision of a competition and had increded in gaining the contract to put up what was appeared to be become of the second drive who drove the coats of these coats looked very much like mackin the coats of these coats looked very much like macking they ever hot. If they were, though, I don't quite see how the drivers some mackintoehes are very handsome, and are made to keep one dry. At least, that's wet weather during Horse show week weather during Horse show week westher during Horse show week the coats of these coats looked very much like macking they can be seen considered with the coats of these coats looked very much like macking the coats of these coats looked very much like macking they were hot. If they were, though, I don't quite see how the drivers some of these coats looked very much like macking the coats of these coats looked very much like macking the coats of these coats looked very much like macking the coats of these coats looked very much like macking the coats of these coats looked very much like macking the coats of these coats looked very much like macking the coats of these coats looked very much like macking the coats of these coats of these coats of these coats of these government toward limiting the height of city buildings. At the outset of the work this particular architect labored enthusiastically to behalf of the committee, and it was a surprise to his fellow members when they received a note from him asking that the committee's final meeting be postponed until after a certain date. There was no explanation for this request, but the meeting was postponed. When it was held the reason of the architect's desire for a postponement became apparent. He had been waiting for the devision of a competition and had succeeded in gaining the contract to put up what was about the highest office building planned up to that time. The formance architect resided from the committee, and his associates agreed

classification of a competition and had increeded in pairing the contract to nut up what was shout the highest office building planned up to that time. The fortunate architect resigned from the committee, and his associates agreed with him that his action in the circumstances was entirely correct. But they were so discouraged that the committee came to an end after that meeting, and the sociaty has made any further efforts to secure legislative action in restricting the height of buildings.

A New Yorker who returned recently from thusiastic wheelman here, told a Sun reporter that there were still many more bicyclists to be seen in Paris than in New York, even when the greatest number turns out here, and that there had apparently been no diminution in the number of riders there during last year, according to the testimony of persons who had seen the crare of the bicycle there assume its present extensive proportions. But according to the accounts of this New York observer, there are some phases of the bicycle which have not yet reached the riders here, and evidently never will. "It is considered the 'smart' thing for men," he said, to ride on the Rols not in bicycle costume, but in ordinary clothing, with long trousers, and quite as a man would dress for an afternoon walk. The only difference lies in the fact that the trousers are turned up very high, until they show the sock above the show. The socks were always elaborate, and if the shoes worn were not low patent leathers, they were of tan with white canvas tons, or of patent teather with ian tons combinations very dear the large Show, and is the referse that the trousers are turned up very high, until they show the sock above the show. The socks were always elaborate, and if the shoes worn were not low patent leathers, they were of tan with white canvas tons, or of patent teather with ian tons combinations very dear the large Show, and is the large show the sock above the show. The show was west 14-98.

EVEN 14-98.

THE DIT SUPERABLE TO CONTROLL SHAPE AND ADDRESSED TO CONTROLL SHAPE

BRITONWHO SAWTHE SHOW

HOPES LOVE OF THE HORSE WILL ABIDE IF FADS CHANGE. Enryelled at the Women's Clothes and at What Seemed to Him the Wet. Weather Dress of Some of the Men-Delighted with the Hackneys and the Management, There were three of them, and they had just inished a very late and and a very English breakfast at the Waldorf yesterday morning. One was a young breeder and owner of fast horses, who was giving the breakfast. The second was an ordinary, every-day sort of chap, and the third was Liouel Grey, superintendent of the Burdett-Courts stock farm in England. Grey was the guest of honor, which accounted for the breakfast being so very English-broiled kidneys, posched eggs on toast, with anchovy sauce, peach marmalade, tes, and buttered Mr. Grey arrived in New York from Liverpool about two weeks ago, coming over particu larly for the Horse Show. He was at Madison Square Garden every day last week, morning, afternoon, and evening. He went to the show to see the horses-to see what the American horse, particularly the trotter, is like on his native heath, and to compare the American bred backney with the backneys of England. He was delighted with the show.

"Why," said he, "I was amazed. In the first place, I hadn't an idea you made so much of it here. We wouldn't quite know what to make of such a crush at a horse show on the other side, as I saw at Madison Square Garden on Friday night. It was really marvellous, you know. Why, I never saw so many beautiful women in one place in my life. And the costumes! Egad! I shouldn't half mind having been a fashionable dressmaker in New York "However, to be perfectly frank, I fancy if

we ever did have such a crush at one of our shows there would be a larger proportion of those in attendance who would be interested in the horses. Of course, I may be all wrong, but

Children in Rage and Hungry When She Was Arrested at Her Mixed Ale Parts. Three children, clothed in rags, stood before Court, yesterday morning, when their mother, dressed in a tailor-made gown, was arraigned in company with nine men on a charge of dis-orderly conduct.

The woman was Alice Reed, 20 years old, the wife of a convict now in prison, she and the men had been arrested on Saturday might be-cause of the row they made at a nuxed nie party the woman gave at moving into a dat at 1149 First avenue.

The policemen who made the arrests found the children in a back room shivering with cold and crying for food. They were sent to the Gerry society's headquarters. Mrs. Reed and her guests were fined \$4 each. in company with nine men on a charge of dis-orderly conduct.

Lost a Poot White Stealing a Ride, James Connell, 11 years old, of 208 Thirteenth street, Jersey City, climbed up on a West Shorsteal a ride. While the train was rounding a curve at licheken arenue the bey was thrown off. He fell under the wheels and he left feet was cut off. he was taken home, and it is thought that he will die from the shock and loss of blood.

Hurt Boarding a Cable Car.

While trying to board a Third avenue cabl car at 108th street yesterday, the basket of William Frienberg, a butcher's delivery boy was caught to an elevated railway pillar, and he was thrown under the trailer which lo-lowed. His left leg was broken in too places and he was also internally injured, but at the Harlem Hospital it is thought that he will re-cover. The gripman was arrested.

His Foot Cut Off by a Trolley Car. Orion Langton of 2 Wilson avenue, Paterson was struck yesterday by a trolley car of the Newark line on the Hackensark meanows, near Jersey City, and his right foot was at off. It is thought that he is also injured internally. He was taken to the City Hospital.

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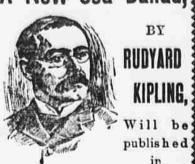
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FOR THE SUN.

A New Sea Ballad,



THE NEW YORK SUN, November 22d.

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The Youngest Prospector in Calaveras County." IN CAPITAL CALIFORNIA STORY

BOUND TO GO TO JAIL.

Young Moor Was Out of Work and Money and Was in Despair.

PORT JERVIS, N. J., Nov. 15 .- Thomas Moor. a sturdy young man who claimed Wurtsboro as his home, smashed one of the plate-glass winnows in front of Dann's store on Friday morning. Frank Hay, the salesman in charge of the store, was in the celler at the time and ran up at the sound of the crashing glass. The young man did not try to get away, but on Mr. Ray's ravitation jentered liberators and took a seat to await the coming of Mr. Dunn. He admitted that he committed the offence, his only object being to get arrested. He wanted to ge to trison, lie said he was out of money, out of work, and in despair, and if he was not arrested and sentenced to some penal institution he should keen in committing crimes of increasing magnitude until the authorities would take care of him and furnish him with food and shelter, although it might be in a prison. As this was the set ind offsice of the same character. Mr. Dinn appeared against him before sailer Niven, who sentenced him to six months impresonment is the county jail. man did not try to get away, but on Mr. Ray's

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